

**take my breath
away**

primrosily

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Summary:

As of 1993, It's been 4 years since Eddie Kaspbrak has lived in his hometown of Derry, Maine. After applying and being accepted into Derry Academy's arts program, he packs his bags away from his reluctant mother in New York and moves into his new dorm. What he expected was to get through his senior year at school and maybe run into some people he used to know when he was young.

What he did not expect was children going missing and witnessing a kid with dark hair and a foul mouth get shot in the boy's bathroom.

(Life is Strange AU)

1. The End

Eddie Kaspbrak couldn't remember what he was last doing before he ended up in a dark and damp place, two things that already set off warning bells in his mind. The mixture of smells that shot up his nose made him grimace. He could smell the mixture of very nasty smells. He could think of a few things that reminded him of the smells, boy's locker rooms, his socks after a long day, an uncleaned toilet..

It smelt like death.

Or, what Eddie thought death would smell like.

Already he was listing the diseases in his mind that he could get from being in this unidentifiable place. Hesitating, he put out a hand to try and touch a wall, and was greeted with a slimy, mossy feeling on his hand, making him wince as his hand shot away. The hand shot to his upper hip, but he found he didn't have his signature fanny pack, which meant no anti-bacterial wipes for Eddie. He was frustrated without much sight in the darkness, but still, Eddie walked blindly forward for a few minutes before squinting his eyes and spotting an opening before him. As he walked towards the opening, the violent drum of rain was audible from the outside. It was pouring, and from the dim light he could see, it looked like he was in a sewer. The very last place he wanted to be at this moment.

"How the fuck did I get here?" Eddie thought aloud, his heart beating faster as he was walking further to the exit of the sewer. When he reached the end, he froze. His eyes widened, glued to the sky.

A giant storm was staring back at him. The sky around him was whirling and furious. It was as if everything around him were a black and white movie, every color was washed away, which unsettled Eddie. He could hear the wind, piercing into trees, causing them to fall, causing everything to fall. He was standing in the barrens, the stream of water he had played in so much as a child had overflowed, it was very much up to Eddie's knees now. The more notable event that Eddie saw above him wasn't the storm itself, but an odd hole in the middle of the storm where the moon stood, a dark red against the grey-scale landscape, as if it were bleeding out. He could hear distant murmurs of yelling, screaming, that sounded familiar, which frightened Eddie the more he thought about it.

Eddie made his way out of the sewer and tried to get to high ground, climbing up rocks he skinned knees on as a kid and through trees he used to climb to the top with his friends years ago, until finally, he was overlooking the town.

The chaos was even more visible now. Houses were torn through, the wind and storm consuming them in darkness. Small blurred figures were rushing around, running, carrying items of personal value from the inevitability of destruction. He saw streets he used to ride through on his bike crumpled and littered with broken furniture, the library's windows shattered beyond repair, books strewn on the street, Derry Academy with it's doors blown off and roof caving in.

Derry, the only place he ever could call his home, was dying.

Eddie felt like his chest was going to explode.

Then he heard a noise. A noise that sent shivers all throughout his back and would have made him instantly reach for his inhaler, if he still had it. Poor Eddie Kaspbrak, his already heavy chest now felt sharp and painful stings as he heard a menacing laugh echo through the trees behind him. When he turned, a blurred flash of white grabbed his neck and Eddie couldn't do anything but scream.

Then, the unthinkable happened.

Eddie woke up.

Notes for the Chapter:

oooooh man i've been replaying life is strange lately and cant stop thinking about this AU

this chapter is kinda short because it's just a lead-in, the next chapter will be longer!

also as a disclaimer: it's not going to follow life is strange's exact storyline, there's going to be a bit more added and tweaked, but the main concept is staying pretty much the same.

i may also have polls for what happens or different chapters for different outcomes since life is strange is

a decision making game.. i havent really decided yet.
if you have ideas, let me know! im primrosily on
tumblr, that's probably the best way to contact me!

2. The Balloon

“Stanislavski’s method of acting is one of the most frequently taught acting techniques. Has anyone ever heard of Stanislavski?”

Eddie blinked. He absolutely never has fallen asleep in a class before, especially not any class involved with theatre. In front of him, boring Mr. Grey with his piercing eyes and grey suit was lecturing even more acting methods than just Stanislavski, which Eddie had already researched and was tuning out. *Did I really just tune out so hard I fell asleep?* He thought, studying his notebook on the table, his camera at his side, and clock above him reading 2:15.

He checked his hip and- yep- there was his fanny pack. His hand still felt damp and dirty from the dream he had and, just for relief, he pulled an antibacterial wipe out of it and cleaned his hand. He heard a snort from above him and looked up across the room at Greta, still as nasty as she was with her huge hair, bright makeup and sporting her jean jacket, pointing at him and whispering to the girls around her. This was something Eddie was pretty used to, he wasn’t ever the most popular kid in Derry, especially not since becoming “New Kid”.

As Grey was droning on, Eddie started absentmindedly looking through his notebook in front of him, polaroids pasted on certain pages along with journal entries. Pictures were something Eddie enjoyed keeping, since a lot of his favorite memories were in them. He flipped through pictures of bikes, and trees, and the quarry, and stopped at one of him and a skinny boy with glasses. They were thirteen in the photo, and it was one of the only ones Eddie had with Richie Tozier. His mind drifted to memories of him and his loser friends, biking around and pretending to save the world. Eddie glanced up from the pictures and memories just in time to see a paper ball hurling towards the redheaded girl sitting a few rows to the right of him. She tried deflecting the ball with her hands, but it still hit her forehead, and she looked sadly at it. Regular high school drama, Eddie supposes.

“Eddie, since you’re paying so much attention to class and certainly not daydreaming out the window as Miss Marsh does,” Grey said loudly than his usual calm tone, snapping Eddie back to the lesson,

“What is the “Meisner” method most commonly referred to as?”

Fuck. Eddie knows this one, but his brain was still reeling from the destruction and storm he just saw.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Grey. I can’t remember, sir.” He quietly squeaked back, earning a scoff from Greta, who whispered *fucking sir?* And raised her hand.

“Method acting. It’s becoming more like the role you’re playing to prepare for the role.” She retorted to Grey. Mr. Grey seemed satisfied with Greta’s answer and started speaking more on Meisner until the bell rung seconds later.

“Ah! That’s it for today then, remember that auditions for the school play, Eurydice, are next week, and crew applications for it can be found at my desk. If you have stage fright, you can still be involved! Apply for the crew!” Mr. Grey shouted to students already halfway out the door. Eddie lagged behind the already leaving kids, he had just started packing his things in his satchel bag. When he got up, he noticed the redhead girl was still sitting at her desk, staring out the window. He went over to her, recognizing her as he got closer. Not many people can mistake the girl with the short red hair and necklace with a house key on it, even though instead of the flower dresses she wore years ago in Eddie’s polaroids, she had on a plaid skirt and low-cut shirt.

“Beverly Marsh?” He asked, quietly. She looked up, her once-blue eyes that Eddie remembers from years ago had gone a bit more grey than blue, and her freckles from days in the quarry had faded into her pale skin. She smiled weakly at him.

“Oh, Eddie,” She replied, realizing finally that the bell had rung and taking her books off her desk to shove in her emerald green backpack, “Can’t believe you’re back still.”

“Yeah, it’s really weird,” Eddie replied, not really knowing how to make small talk with a girl he used to know like the back of his hand. Beverly seemed to notice this, though, and took the opportunity to further the conversation.

“You had the opportunity to get out of this shit town and yet, here you are. Crawled back,” She smiled, getting up from her seat and slinging her backpack over her shoulder, “Anyways, I gotta go. Did you need anything?”

“Oh, Yeah,” Eddie remembered, “I’m sorry Greta’s still a bitch. Has she really been after you since middle?”

This seemed to dampen Beverly’s smile a bit, but she picked it back up.

“You get used to it.” She said, before taking gum out of her bag, sticking a piece in her mouth, and walking down the rows of desks and out of class. Eddie couldn’t help but notice the way her expression fell immediately upon interacting with him, as if keeping up some kind of persona. He worried.

As he was walking out, Mr. Grey touched his shoulder, gently, pulling him back.

“Now look,” he said, “I know you came to Derry Academy for a reason, and if it’s not acting, we need a stage manager for the production.”

“Oh,” Eddie sighed, “That’s a lot of responsibility, sir-”

“Actually,” Grey interrupted, “It would mostly be organizing meeting times.”

“Why do you think I’m the best for that-”

“And taking cast photos.” Grey nodded towards Eddie’s camera case, and Eddie’s face turned hot as he got nervous and touched the case.

“I-I’ll think about it, Mr. Grey...” Eddie whispered as he turned and went out the door.

Lockers slammed open and closed around him, and he felt a sigh of relief. Living in New York had not helped with his anxiety much, it heightened it, made him a little quieter and shy. It was the reason, as he walked alone down the main hallway of the school, that he hadn’t contacted any of his friends from when he was 13. He knew many of

them went to the school- he thinks he's seen Stan Uris and Bill Denbrough in the hallways- but he just couldn't bring himself to try and talk to many of them again. He was afraid, afraid that the memories he had of his old best friends were just that, only memories. That the people in those memories were different people now like Beverly Marsh was and it scared him because he was still just Eddie. He was embarrassed he hadn't changed much, and was worried his old friends would see that and make fun of him.

Especially Richie Tozier, he thought, walking down the hall and veering around the corner to the bathroom. He stopped walking when he spotted the front doors to Derry Academy.

His mind flashes back to the dream, the doors blown out and the roof caving in and the grey sky and the destruction and-

He's running into the bathroom hyperventilating before he realizes it. *What the shit even was that?* He screamed in his head, grabbing his inhaler from his fanny pack and taking a few puffs. He stared into the graffiti-ed mirror in front of him, decorated with many dick jokes, the bathroom lit with a cool blue light that washed his skin out and made Eddie look like a walking corpse. He turned the water tap on and splashed it in his face. When he looked back in the mirror, he only saw the flaws in his face, the water highlighting them, the dark circles. The faint acne. The chapped lips. His stupid sweatshirt. His stupid everything.

When the overanalyzing stops, he notices a faint red hue behind him. When he turns around and takes a few steps around the bathroom stalls, a red balloon tied to a single shower drain sits, against the cool blue of the room, the only thing comparing to the balloon's red being the red fire alarm behind a janitor's set, thrown and forgotten in the shower's area.

Eddie immediately grabbed his camera, *This would be a pretty cool aesthetic shot*, was his thinking, and after the flash went off, he heard the door open to the bathroom and maneuvered to kneel by the janitor's cart.

"Fuck, Henry. You own this garbage dump. You're king here." He hears a familiar voice that made Eddie's stomach flop in all different

directions. A voice that tormented him so much as a thirteen year old kid. When attempting to place the nausea he felt and the reason his heart was thumping, Eddie heard the door open again and he shrunk further into the shadow of the cart he was next to. He wished he could turn invisible.

“Lucky caller, number one you’re live!” The second voice announced, “Thanks for coming on the show today, caller.” Eddie heard the doors of the stalls opening, *Were they looking for me? Oh fuck, they know I’m in here. Fuck. Where did I put the copy of my will again?*

“I have nothing for you, fag.” Eddie winced at the word the first voice, *Henry Bowers* he placed it with dread, had called the other boy.

“Says the guy who sucks the principal’s dick in his free time,” The other boy replied with a very distinct sass that Eddie couldn’t place, “Expelled three times, and yet, still here at the dear ol’ academia. Do tell, who tops and who bottoms?”

“Shut the hell up, fucking idiot!” Eddie heard a slam against the wall and silence. Eddie was sure his teeth were chattering, listening to this tense conversation happen in front of him.

“Also, you do have something for me. Your dad’s loaded, I know it. Speaking of daddy dearest, I bet he would love hearing all the things you’ve done to the people in this town,” The boy gets serious, Eddie feels the vibe in the air shift, and he finally sneaks a look around the corner. Henry looks almost the same, still sporting the mullet and cut-off shirt from when he tormented Eddie when he was thirteen and it made Eddie’s nausea go up higher just remembering. The other boy had wild curly black hair with a blue streak, a leather jacket, ripped jeans... He couldn’t make out his shirt, but it definitely was some sort of band. The boy looked determined, and Henry almost looked.. Frightened?

“My dad doesn’t give shit about me.”

“He would if he knew what you were doing when you go off on your own. Y’know most boys just like to jack off to pictures of Madonna or something when they’re alone, but committing crimes? What’s that fetish called, Henry?”

Eddie saw Henry wince at that and Henry's face scrunched up as he reached into his pocket and pulled out, to Eddie's horror, a gun, so shiny he could see the black haired boy's terrified reflection in it.

"Henry, what are you- Where did you-" Henry backed the kid up into the wall and Eddie's heart stopped, "Put that fucking thing down!"

"You say a word about anything to my father, I'm dead." Henry yelled in the boy's face, sending spit flying, he looked terrifying and ugly, "I bet no one would even realize you were gone, huh, trashmouth? You have nothing and no one, and I have it all."

Before Eddie could even scream "No!" from his mouth, a piercing sound shot out Eddie's ears, a ringing making his brain go fuzzy as he saw the only other thing in the room more red than the long-forgotten balloon.

The boy's shirt was redder by the second as he dropped to the floor.

The ringing in Eddie's head got louder, and louder, until it was painful. His head pounded, his chest went numb, and suddenly,

He was back in Mr. Grey's theatre class.

Notes for the Chapter:

woops i didn't want to wait til tomorrow to post this chapter since the first one was so short
(don't expect two chapters a day from me lmao)

also i JUST learned that kate's full name in LIS is kate beverly marsh and im crying because i was planning bev taking a kate role in this story before i knew that- like her name is a DIRECT REFERENCE ISN'T THAT??? GOOD???